Where now you both a Father and a ſonne,
By your vntimely claſpings with your child,
(Which pleaſures fits an husband not a father)
And ſhe an eater of her mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt Flowers, yet they poiſon breed.
*Antioch* farewell, for wiſedome ſees thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,
Will ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murder's as neere to luſt, as flame to ſmoke:
Poyſon and treaſon are the hands of ſinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight, Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

*Enter Antiochus.*

*Anti.* Hee hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head.
He muſt not liue to trumpet foorth my infamie,
Nor tell the World *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a loathed manner:
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall, my honour muſt keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

*Enter Thaliard.*

*Thal.* Doth your Highneſſe call?

*Anti.* *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your ſecrecie; and for your faithfulneſſe
We will aduance you, *Thaliard*:
Behold, heer's poiſon, and heer's gold:
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muſt kill him;
It fits thee not to aske the reaſon why?
Becauſe we bid it: ſay, is it done?

*Thal.* My Lord, tis done.

*Enter*



*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Ant.* Enough. Let your breath coole your ſelfe, telling your haſte.

*Meſ.* My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

*Ant.* As thou wilt liue flie after, and like an arrow ſhot from a well experienſt Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell at: ſo thou neuer returne vnleſſe thou ſay Prince *Pericles* is dead.

*Thal.* My Lord, if I can get him within my Piſtols length, Ile make him ſure enough, ſo farewell to your highneſſe.

*Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head. *Exit.*

*Enter Pericles with his Lords.*

*Pe.* Let none diſturb vs; why ſhould this chãge of thoughts
The ſad companion dull eyde melancholy,
By me ſo vſ'de a gueſt as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The tombe where griefe ſhould ſleepe can breed me quiet,
Here pleaſures court mine eies, and mine eies ſhun them,
And daunger which I feard is at *Antioch*,
Whoſe arme ſeemes farre too ſhort to hit me here,
Yet neither pleaſures Art can ioy my ſpirits,
Nor yet the others diſtance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that paſsions of the minde,
That haue their firſt conception by miſdread,
Haue after nouriſhment and life by care;
And what was firſt but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And ſo with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainſt whom I am too little to contend,
Since hee's ſo great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me ſpeaking, though I ſweare to ſilence,
Nor bootes it me to ſay I honour,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.